

Magazine Feature Section

WILD MEN IN UNEXPLORED OHIO

It Is Not Necessary to Journey to Africa to Find Unexplored Land, Nor Are All the Wild Men In the World Confined In Circuses and Sideshows.

In a Bit of Jungle In Northern Ohio, Dense and Thick With Great Trees and Heavy Underbrush, Dwells This Hermit, Jerry Clayton—Something About Him, and Why He Is a Wild Man, "Not for Profit."

Those in search of adventure, it appears, may find it by taking passage to darkest Africa, employing a long train of pack bearers, purchasing an expensive equipment and then forcing a path into the hitherto trackless wilds of the jungle. Or again, it may be gathered from the stereoscopic prospectuses that one may pick up stray bits of excitement by sailing to South America, there risking hordes of natives, malaria and all sorts of fever just to catch a glimpse of a small piece of reeking woodland unknown to the outside world.

Neither excursion would be recommended as a summer vacation trip for a hard-working department store clerk, but still the quest for excitement and adventure cannot be ruthlessly frowned upon. Had it not been for the love of adventure, Christopher Columbus would have stuck to the business of catching carp, Queen Isabella would not have put a ticket on the crown jewels and an Indian would now be mayor of New York. Had it not been for his unsatiable love of adventure Doc Cook of magazine fame would have left the Eskimo to his fate and the north pole would not be flying an American flag. Had John D. Rockefeller been less fond of excitement, the good old Common People would be in the possession of several millions of dollars now entered in the bank book of the peerless financier.

But the real point of this is intended to show that young men are no longer compelled to sail to Africa in search of adventure. The story seeks to bring adventure to the back yard of every well regulated family, so to speak. It has been discovered after a great deal of careful investigating that there are measureless tracts of waste land never violated by the presence of man—or boy.

All one has to do is to decide to go on a little trip of exploration. Then look carefully on the office map for the wildest spot and start out on the little jaunt armed only with an ax and a pair of extra shoes. The extra shoes are a necessity unless one thinks far enough ahead to wear rubber boots.

A peerless explorer started out a short time ago to determine if it were a fact that unexplored corners of Ohio actually existed; and if so were there any real bona fide wild men suitable for use on county fair midway? The unexplored land was found and promptly explored. The wild man was located, duly labeled, but the sorrowful part of it all is that he will not appear on any county fair circuit this year.

The New York Central, as well as several other railroads, runs into Sandusky, Ohio, every day, taking and leaving passengers in the regular way. When one steps into a hotel bus at the station and rumbles along the road to the city proper he finds it difficult to believe that within a few short hours he will be dig-

ging into jungles never imagined by the duskiest chief of all Zululand.

Sandusky would be built on the open lake were it not for a little piece of land that juts into Lake Erie, forming Sandusky harbor. This extension is generally known as Cedar Point and is more or less popular with summer boys and girls during three or four months of the year. One end of the point, the end that forces its nose into the open lake, is built up in the summer resort way, but as one walks back toward Rye beach and the mainland he realizes that he is in a very wild country.

There are mysterious stories about this portion of the point. People who live at Rye beach say that the entire point has never been explored, that there are strange passages, wild swamps overgrown with swamp rice, a tangle of small trees and little streams to interrupt the traveler.

Others will tell you that the wild portion of the point is inhabited by strange men who live in shacks and dine sumptuously on fish and game. The question has been a mooted one and had been argued pro and con, until finally something happened.

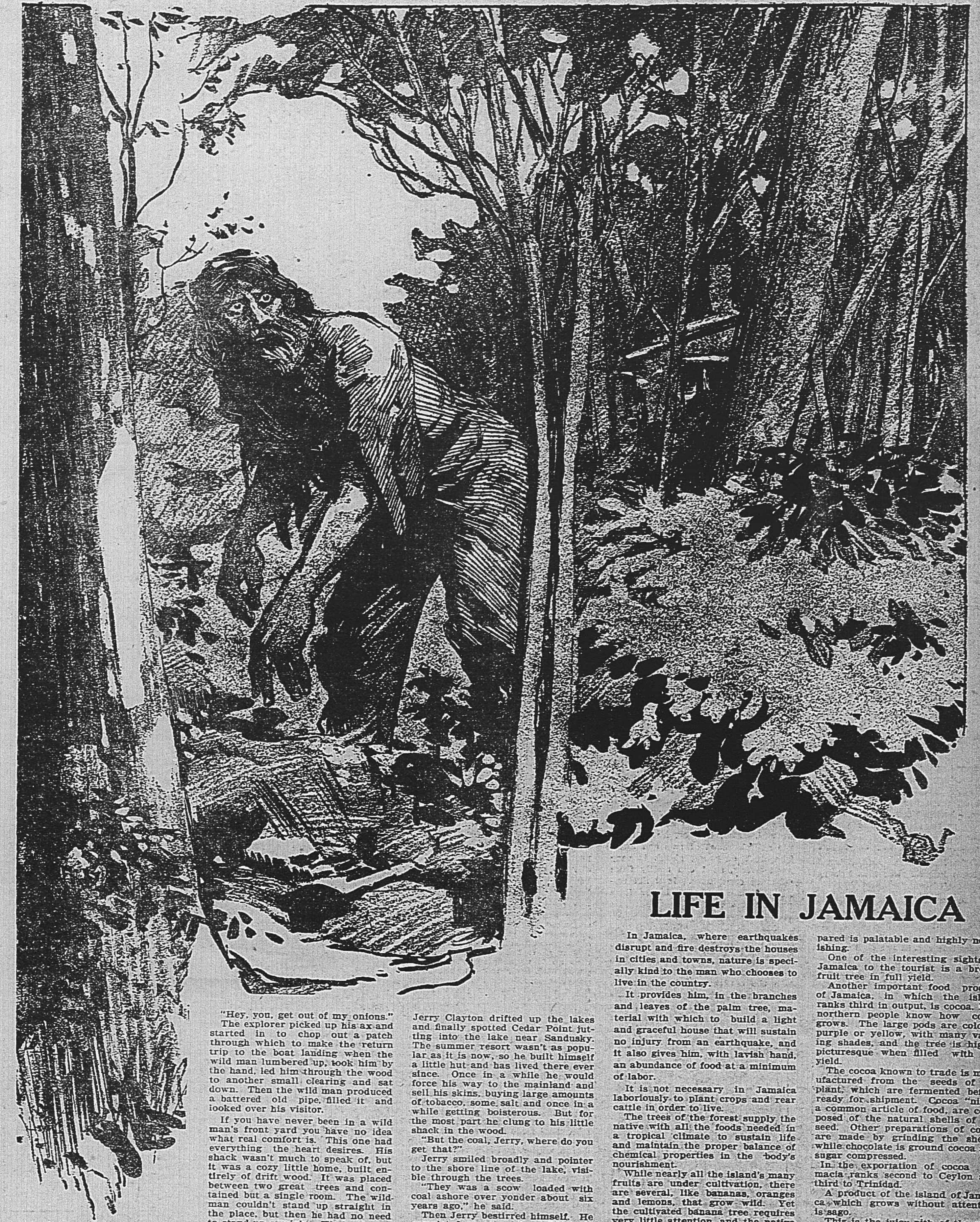
It was just after the ice had gone out of the lake and the gulls were sporting themselves in the harbor in true gull-like fashion. Sandusky was rubbing its eyes one windy morning when a strange figure walked down the main street. He looked like Robinson Crusoe and acted like a sailor out to spend his month's pay. It was a man. That was evidenced by his long whiskers which swept to his knees. His hair, heavy and gray, fell on his shoulders and gave him a peculiar prophetic appearance. His clothing, like Kipling's water carrier, was nothing much before and less than half of that behind. Shoes—he had none. Neither did he have any money, but on his back he bore a load of muskrat skins that would sink a Spanish pirate ship. He traded the skins for liquid refreshments, applying same on the premises; then he disappeared, and no one has seen him since. It isn't exactly correct to say that no one has seen him because a certain intrepid explorer sought out the wild man in his lair and ate roast duck with him a short time afterward.

It should be known that the boats to Cedar Point do not run early in April, but an old launch was secured and the trip was made across the harbor. Then the previously mentioned intrepid explorer encased himself in an English slip-on, a pair of rubber boots and placed an ax over his shoulder. After bidding goodby to the captain the trip was on.

About three miles from the summer resort toward the mainland, the tangle of trees suddenly grows dense. Poplars, oaks, fir and pine trees twine their branches together in such a way as to make progress almost impossible. Little trickling streams running across the point from the lake to the harbor do not particularly serve to make walking easy. Great grayish puddles of water, acres of swamp land inhabited by scores of blacksnakes and ponderous bullfrogs combine to make that portion of the point an excellent locality to shun after curfew.

All of this beautiful scenery is miles away from the summer resort and as one advances through the tangle of underbrush he finds that if it has been explored the explorer failed to leave any marks of his visit.

The path grew more dense every foot, but the intrepid explorer was



"Hey, you, get out of my onions." The explorer picked up his ax and started in to chop out a patch through which to make the return trip to the boat landing when the wild man lumbered up, took him by the hand, led him through the wood to another small clearing and sat down. Then the wild man produced a battered old pipe, filled it and looked over his visitor.

If you have never been in a wild man's front yard you have no idea what real comfort is. This one had everything the heart desires. His shack wasn't much to speak of, but it was a cozy little home, built entirely of drift wood. It was placed between two great trees and contained but a single room. The wild man couldn't stand up straight in the place, but then he had no need to stand up straight. His bunk was in one corner, a rudely constructed table was in the other and in the back there was a fireplace in which a coal fire was burning. And over the coal fire a big fat duck was simmering.

Then Jerry Clayton, the wild man, began to tell all about himself. Jerry had been a boy once many years ago, down at Three-Mile bay, New York state, which is supposed to be somewhere on Lake Ontario. Jerry liked being a boy, and although it was more than fifty years ago that he first had the experience, he liked it so well, that he decided to keep right on working at it.

Jerry would rather fish or shoot ducks than go to school. He preferred setting traps to playing one-old-cat and finally his father gave him up as a bad job. Jerry wouldn't work. He figured that the world owed him a living and he decided to let the world deliver it to him on a silver platter.

It was a good many years ago that

Jerry Clayton drifted up the lakes and finally spotted Cedar Point jutting into the lake near Sandusky. The summer resort wasn't as popular as it is now, so he built himself a little hut and has lived there ever since. Once in a while he would force his way to the mainland and sell his skins, buying large amounts of tobacco, some salt and once in a while getting boisterous. But for the most part he clung to his little shack in the wood.

"But the coal, Jerry, where do you get that?" Jerry smiled broadly and pointed to the shore line of the lake, visible through the trees.

"They was a scow loaded with coal ashore over yonder about six years ago," he said.

Then Jerry bestirred himself. He completed roasting the wild duck, cooked a freshly caught pickerel and invited the intrepid explorer to dinner, first filling an old bucket with clear cold water from a spring just back of the shack.

Jerry says that he never saw anyone on his part of the point and knows that part of it is unexplored. That's why he likes it. All of which proves that the young men of today do not have to go to Africa in search of adventure.

Worrying.

"They say that a woman always knows when a man is going to propose," observes the man with the growing mustache. "She does," affirms the lady with the contemplative eyes. "That must, at times, worry her. Doesn't it?" "Not half so much as the other side of the picture. She also knows when a man is not going to propose."

LIFE IN JAMAICA

In Jamaica, where earthquakes disrupt and fire destroys the houses in cities and towns, nature is specially kind to the man who chooses to live in the country.

It provides him, in the branches and leaves of the palm tree, material with which to build a light and graceful house that will sustain no injury from an earthquake, and it also gives him, with lavish hand, an abundance of food at a minimum of labor.

It is not necessary in Jamaica laboriously to plant crops and rear cattle in order to live.

The trees of the forest supply the native with all the foods needed in a tropical climate to sustain life and maintain the proper balance of chemical properties in the body's nourishment.

While nearly all the island's many fruits are under cultivation, there are several, like bananas, oranges and lemons, that grow wild. Yet the cultivated banana tree requires very little attention, and the native who has two or three near his thatched palm hut may sleep away the drowsy hours in his hammock, as he loves to do, while his staple food goes on growing without attention in the front yard.

There is much nourishment in bananas, and the Jamaicans eat them daily, both raw and cooked.

Another important food, of which northern people read but seldom see, is grown in perfection in Jamaica. This is breadfruit, which as its name implies, is a substitute for bread in its nourishing properties.

The breadfruit of Jamaica is a coarser kind than that of the East Indian countries, and of Java, where the tree is native. It is called jackfruit. The yield of a tree is enormous, in proportion to its size, the fruit being as large as a cantaloupe, as generally described, the size of a child's head.

The outside rind is rough and colored like a melon. The inside is pulpy. It is prepared for eating by roasting in fires, and when so pre-

pared is palatable and highly nourishing.

One of the interesting sights of Jamaica to the tourist is a breadfruit tree in full yield.

Another important food product of Jamaica, in which the island ranks third in output, is cocoa. Few northern people know how cocoa grows. The large pods are colored purple or yellow, with many varying shades, and the tree is highly picturesque when filled with its yield.

The cocoa known to trade is manufactured from the seeds of the plant, which are fermented before ready for shipment. Cocoa "nibs," a common article of food, are composed of the natural shells of the seed. Other preparations of cocoa are made by grinding the shells, while chocolate is ground cocoa and sugar compressed.

In the exportation of cocoa Jamaica ranks second to Ceylon and third to Trinidad.

A product of the island of Jamaica, which grows without attention is sago.

This is the juicy pith of the sago palm. It is prepared by soaking and drying in the form of white kernels. The delicate flavor of sago is loved by all natives of tropical countries, who know nothing of cooking it as it is cooked for desserts in northern countries, but make it one of their staple dishes, in the form of porridge.

Different.

She nestled in his arms, her pink cheek pressed against his and her brown curls fluffing into his eyes.

"That—ah! that was in the past. Here is where you begin to think that we are going to spring that good old one about her nestling in his arms when she was four years old and refusing to do so when she was twenty-four? Eh?"

Not much, kind sir. The incident to which we referred in the opening line occurred three years ago, when they were engaged. The only reason he thinks of it now is that he has to write a check for alimony every month.